

The Prophecy

Rebellion

We ride all alone from the battlefield
The rebels beaten they had to yield
Banquo and I we silently ride
Brothers in arms side by side

There s a fog which falls on the weary soul
It engulfs our souls as we head for home
The lands we pass we ve never seen
Clad in a twilight like a dream

Out of the shade three women rise
Appear in features that please the eye
How can such grace walk the earth
Can it be of human birth

Their eyes glowing with unearthly light
Shining like diamonds in the falling night
They hail our names as we greet
Their voices sound like music sweet

A Prophecy for great ambitions
A promise weaved in gold
Evil speaks a pleasant language
The Evil speak a pleasant language
A Prophecy is told

Hail Hail Hail Macbeth
Thane of Claims and Cawdor
and Master of death
All Hail Macbeth we greet thee with laughter
Hail Macbeth thou shalt be king hereafter

We bid them stay as they did turn
More about our fate to learn
Too sweet did their visions sound
To ambitious men for glory bound

They turned to Banquo and hailed his name
Revealing to him the greatest fame
My brother listened pleased and well
To the promises they had to tell

Hail Banquo hail to thee
Lesser than Macbeth yet greater thou It be
Father of a line of kings to come
Hail to Banquo the chosen one

Macbeth the Thane of Glamis has won a great victory,
beating the rebels in a fierce battle he did a great service to his King
and his country As King Duncan gains knowledge of this he decides to reward
the most noble deeds of his greatest warrior.
He bestows the Thanehood of Cawdor on Macbeth
To express his gratitude even further Duncans decides to visit Macbeth and t
o celebrate
the victory together with its honourable protagonist.
Naught does the king know about the witches prophecies
and the ambitions of the Thane of Glamis and Cawdor Naught does he fear

as he in best spirits approaches the stronghold of Macbeth.